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To my Dear Pastor.
From E. W. Moore
1875

Mary Hallman.

MARY HALLMAN;

OR,

Memorials of an Earnest Life.

Philadelphia:
AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,
530 ARCH STREET.

To the PASTOR, TEACHERS, and SCHOLARS of the Sunday-school of the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia, this little work, written at their request, and by them stereotyped, is affectionately dedicated.

MARY HALLMAN.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

O record of a true and earnest life, however humble, can be made in vain. Every one who can truly affirm with the Apostle, "the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me," has had experiences, which, if known, might make the world wiser and better. There may be no startling incident, no remarkable event to record,—only the every-day occurrences which befall all those who have promised to be "Christ's faithful soldiers and servants until their life's end," and find themselves called to fight continually "under his banner, against

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sin, the world, and the devil;" and who learn, by their own constant need of him, what his infinite fullness and preciousness are.

But the history of these quiet and comparatively unmarked lives, may perhaps do us most good, as they move more within the plane of our own orbit, and consequently find a more ready response in our own consciousness and sympathies. When we read of missionary and martyr, of saint and apostle, we are too apt to think, "their circumstances and trials were so different from ours, that we can learn but little from their lives, and cannot hope to equal their attainments." But when we read of those who have trodden the same quiet paths as ourselves, who have met no foes but those we too must encounter, and who, in the very conflicts we are daily called upon to fight, have come off "more than conquerors," we cannot fail to inquire if we are using the same weapons which made them victors,—if the faith which was in them, and by which they "overcame the world" is in us also.

It is of such a life, emphatically "hid with

Christ in God," though passing, in its outward manifestations, almost constantly under the notice of most who will read this brief and simple memorial that I would speak. It is to be regretted that of its inner workings we know so little, that of the processes of thought and feeling from which were evolved a consistent course of active usefulness, and earnest devotion to the Master's cause so few records are preserved. Yet, "by their fruits ye shall know them," said our Lord, and we are very sure that a life so rich in the fruits of the Spirit, must have been well "rooted and grounded in love" and in that "faith which works by love and purifies the heart."

On the 11th of October, 1788, was born a babe, whom most of us have known only as the matured woman, the ever-busy laborer in Christ's vineyard. Most of those who remember her as a little infant, or as a playful child, have passed away,—of the companions of her girlhood even, but few remain. "I have more friends on the other side of the Dark River," she said to me, a very little while before she crossed it, "than

here," adding, in the words of one of the dearest of those who had gone before her,

> "To no strange country shall I go,
> When to these scenes of grief and wo,
> I bid a last adieu!
> Brethren and sisters dear to me
> On yon celestial hill I see,
> And God my Saviour too."

They named her Mary—sweetest and simplest of names—the name of the mother of our Lord, and of her who sat at his feet, and heard from his own lips the blessed words, "Mary hath chosen the good part which shall not be taken from her." She too, of whom I write, our dear friend, Mary Hallman, chose this "good part," and chose it, not as many have done, encouraged and even urged on by parents and friends, every difficulty made plain, and every obstacle removed, but, in the face of bitter opposition, and at the cost of losing home, parents, and friends; she literally gave up all for Christ.

Made nominally, in her infancy, a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, she grew up to be gay, vain, and worldly, fond of the theatre and

the dance, and caring for but little else. But God had a work for her to do, and he did not leave her long to pursue this course of folly and sin. Of her youth, no record, and scarcely a memory remains; it was a time of which, in later life, she rarely spoke. One or two friends remember to have heard her allude casually to her eagerness in the pursuit of pleasure,—her dancing all night long, night after night,—her fondness for gay company and frivolous amusement. Doubtless, the energy of her character showed itself then in her service of the world, as afterward, for so many long years, in her earnest service and never-flagging devotion to the cause of Christ. The same strength and persistence of will which characterized her labor in the various departments of his cause, made her a leader in the gay and frivolous circle she was soon to give up for him.

Of the circumstances of her conversion, we know only this,—that, after a week spent in unusual gaiety and dissipation, she was led, we know not how, to the church of which she was afterward so long a member. She went there

a stranger, probably only from curiosity, or, as many have done, to pass away the hours of the Lord's day, in which they may not follow their own pursuits, and therefore take no pleasure.

But it pleased the Lord that the word spoken on that day should go home to her heart with power, and, after a short struggle with her convictions of duty, she at length yielded herself, with all the ardor of her nature, to the new service thenceforth to be her life.

At its very threshold she encountered difficulties which would have turned many an one aside. Her parents objected greatly to her leaving the church in which they had brought her up, and joining another of which they knew nothing, and against which they had strong prejudices. "Why should she be baptized again? They had had her baptized when a babe, why could she not be satisfied with that, and try to serve God, if she must serve him, in the church to which she had already belonged?"

But Mary could not feel that she belonged to the church, nor that she had been baptized. She wanted to confess her Lord openly before

the world in what she believed to be the way of his appointment. She did not recognize the few drops of water laid upon her face, in unconscious infancy, as the baptism which her Saviour had commanded. She was a Baptist in belief and she was resolved to be a Baptist by profession and in name. She felt it to be her duty for herself to obey strictly the command of her Lord, and to unite with those who did likewise.

Her steadfastness conquered all open opposition; her parents gave their consent, though reluctantly, and, on the 7th of April, 1807, Mary Hallman was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Staughton, in the river Schuylkill, and became a member of the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia, to which, from that time forth, her love and labor were given, for more than fifty-three years.

That place of baptism on the then beautiful and romantic Schuylkill, was the scene of some of her fondest recollections,—its "stone of record," (spoken of in Watson's Annals of Philadelphia,) its green banks and waving trees,

were ever verdant and beautiful in her memory even to the last, as the place where she had solemnly promised to be the Lord's and given herself to him in a covenant never to be forgotten.

"It is forty-five years to-day," she said to me, some years ago, "since I was baptized, and this morning I took up the little book you gave me last Christmas, to read the verse for the day—it was this,—'When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.' It took me right back to the day of my baptism. That was the promise that the Lord gave me then, and he has been true to it ever since; whenever the enemy comes upon me like a flood, whenever troubles assail, or difficulties perplex me, the Spirit of the Lord does lift up a standard against them, and under that standard I am safe and peaceful."

Among her papers, since her death, I have found the following lines, thus endorsed, "Copied by Mary Hallman, from a sheet much defaced and worn, but held as a precious relic, by an

aged member of the First Church." I give it, for its antiquity and quaintness, and also, as giving a very just idea of the spirit and feelings with which our departed friend went down into the water, following the footsteps of her Lord.

AN ANTHEM

TO BE SUNG AT A GREAT STONE, ON THE BANKS OF THE SCHUYLKILL, WHEN BAPTISM IS TO BE ADMINISTERED IN THAT RIVER.

Jesus! Master! oh! discover
Pleasure in us, while we stand
On this bank of Schuylkill river,
To obey thy great command.
Make this stream like Jordan blessed,
Wherein thou baptized wast—
At this stone be thou confessed,
While this stream or stone shall last.

Here the World, the Flesh, and Devil,
We do solemnly renounce
Here we vow to cease from evil,
And the Lord our God pronounce.
Hence we go our way rejoicing,
Conscious of our pleasing God,
Following Jesus, still reposing
In the paths his feet have trod.

Of our vows, this stream's a token;
Stone of Witness! bear record
Gainst us, if our vows be broken,
Or if we forsake the Lord.
Help us, thou baptized Jesus!
What we vowed to fulfill!
Of our fears of falling, ease us,
Turn and mould us to thy will!

CHAPTER II.

GIVING UP ALL FOR CHRIST.

THOUGH her parents had consented to Miss Hallman's baptism, they seem never to have been quite satisfied with her course. Probably it was not easy for them to understand the entire and radical change in her desires and actions, but they could see that she was no longer one of them—that she lived a life apart from theirs. Her father had been very proud of her, thinking her the most gifted of his children, and often wishing she had been a boy, because he thought her energy and talents would have had a wider field. But now, that energy and those talents had passed from under his control, and into a channel which he neither understood nor cared for, and it chafed and vexed him to see how little she was interested in what had before engrossed her, or in any thing but her new duties

and privileges. She was, from all that we can hear, as little like her former self, as was "Saul of Tarsus," when transformed into the Apostle Paul, and, like him, she was a wonder to many.

But the reality and steadfastness of her new life was not to pass untested by sorrow and difficulty of various kinds. Soon after her public profession of faith in Christ, her mother died, leaving much household care upon her, and (far heavier affliction) her father fell into evil courses, drinking to excess, and often treating her most unkindly, besides interposing every possible difficulty in the way of her meeting with the church, and performing her covenant vows. I find nothing among her papers to throw any light upon the history of this dark and trying time, nor indeed any allusion to it, save in one letter from a friend, of whom, years afterward, she spoke as "my foster-mother, counsellor and guide." I give a brief extract.

"The providence of God has placed you, my dear girl, in a situation which requires great prudence and fortitude,—be careful to let the light of the blessed gospel shine in all your

conduct; let the world acknowledge what wonders grace can do. Endeavor to feel a cheerful resignation to the divine dispensations, and

> 'At your great Redeemer's word,
> Give up your comforts to the Lord;
> He shall restore what you resign,
> Or grant you blessings more divine.'

The strength of Christ will be sufficient for you in all things—do not discover a fretful disposition, should you find the trial ever so burdensome—be patient in tribulation, and, though you are now deprived of the society of Christian friends, leave the event with God, who can overrule the greatest evil for good."

This trial of faith and patience lasted for some time, but the end came. Her father positively forbade her attendance upon the services of the Lord's house, telling her if she went to church again, she should never return to the shelter of his roof. It did not take her long in this emergency to decide upon her duty,—"Father," she said, "I will obey you in all things where you have a right to command, but between me and my God you have *no* right to

come. It is my duty, as well as my privilege, to attend upon the services of the church to which I belong, and I *must* go whenever circumstances at home do not render it impossible."

From this resolve he found it impossible to move her, and, in a rage, he told her to begone, to leave his house, and never return to it again. Nothing that she could say had any effect, and, with one solitary shilling in her pocket, she left her father's house as the dark night was coming on, driven forth into the world without shelter, an alien from all her own kindred, for Christ's sake. She was, at this time, not twenty years old; and we may imagine with what feelings she stood alone in the streets of the great city that night, not knowing where to seek refuge, or who would take her in.

Her first thought was of a married sister, living at some distance, and to her she went, only to be refused entrance, and reproached for her folly and madness in preferring what she felt to be her duty, to her father's house. Thus cast off by all her own family, she had but one

resource. It was the evening on which the church for which she had given up every thing, met for prayer, and toward the place of meeting she now bent her steps. Her earthly father's doors were closed against her, but the gates of her heavenly Father's house were open, and into them she turned, and sat down in his courts, not knowing whither she should go at the conclusion of the service, but asking him to direct her.

The exercises of the evening closed, and she still sat, saying to herself, "where shall I go? what is to become of me?" for the friends of her former gay life had become estranged from her when she forsook their ways and no longer walked as they walked; and she had been too short a time in the church to have formed any intimacies there. While she sat wondering what she should do, one of her few Christian friends, one ever foremost to welcome the stranger and to perform every good work, came up.

"Why, Mary," she said, playfully, "are you going to sit here all night?"

Then the tears gushed forth, kept back with

difficulty before, as she replied, "I have no place else to go."

It did not need many words to make that true friend understand the state of the case, and the necessities of the young disciple, thus, for Christ's sake, cast off by all on whom she had any natural claim for care or protection. And, "from that hour" she, like the beloved Apostle of old, "took her to her own home."

Why should I, writing only for those who knew and loved both these women of God, or for their descendants—why should I keep back the name so well known, so long honored in the old First Baptist Church of Philadelphia?—the name for so many years associated with every labor of love, every work for Christ's glory, or for the benefit of her fellow-men, within its borders—the name still so sweet and precious to all who truly knew her—the name of Ann Rhees.

It was she, "a widow indeed,"—"well reported of for her good works, having brought up children, having lodged strangers, having washed the saints' feet, having relieved the af-

flicted, having diligently followed every good work," a very "mother in Israel," to whose hospitable home Mary Hallman that night was taken, and with whom she abode for almost forty years. It was but one of the many good deeds of my beloved grandmother, for which she is now doubtless reaping a rich reward. Would that we might all imitate her virtues, following her even as she followed Christ.

When we carried her to her burial, no child of her own who followed her mourned for her more sincerely than did Mary Hallman. "When my father and my mother forsook me," she said to me with quivering lip, as we turned from the last look at the calm, pale face which we should see no more on earth, "when my father and my mother forsook me, she took me in; I have walked beside her these forty years, through the wilderness, and now she has crossed over, and left me: I have no friend left like *her*."

Again, two days before her own departure, she spoke to me of the bitter night when her father turned her from his door, and the Lord put it into the heart of Mrs. Rhees to take her

home with her; of the long way they had walked together lovingly, fellow-helpers of each other,—and of her hope to meet her beyond the river, and be parted no more forever.

Doubtless they are rejoicing together now before the throne, and joining in ascriptions of praise to him who led them both, though often by ways that they knew not, and would not themselves have chosen, but which they see now to have been the very paths which conducted them safely to their heavenly home. No sacrifice or effort made for Christ is regretted there; no burden which he laid upon them, however heavy it seemed at the time, is remembered sadly now.

> "When the shore is reached at last,
> Who will count the billows passed!"

Though all may not be called on, as was Miss Hallman, to surrender home and friends and every thing that they hold dear, in order to follow Christ, yet he *does* expect all to love him as she did, better than any or all the blessings which he bestows. It becomes each disciple of Christ at all times, to give up even what is

prized most highly, if Jesus require it at his hands. This spirit it may be difficult to attain; but the grace which was sufficient for Mary Hallman is as free and full now as it was then; it will be sufficient for all in the greater or smaller trials of life, if they do but seek it, as she did, by earnest and continual prayer.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

FROM the time of which we have spoken, the tone and character of Miss Hallman's life was fixed. Though, as she went on in her Christian path, her knowledge of course increased, her graces ripened and mellowed, and her labors became more abundant, still, she was, from the very period of her conversion, "an epistle read and known" of all who met her; one in whose daily life it could be seen that she "had been with Jesus," and had learned of him. From all I can ascertain in regard to this early period of her experience, the beginnings of her Christian life were as decided as its close; none who knew her doubted the sincerity of her love for Jesus, or the genuineness of her wish to serve him. Not by any means an universal favorite, for her manners were often abrupt, and

her temper not always mild, she *was* universally recognized as the disciple of Christ, and relied on, in the church, as one ready to engage, to the extent of her ability, in every good work.

Her letters upon various subjects were numerous, and marked by no ordinary power of thought and expression; as a correspondent, she was highly prized by many, to whom her letters were undoubtedly useful. I have just now been told by a lady who knew nothing of the preparation of this memoir, "my cousin always kept Miss Hallman's letters by her, to read on Sunday, when prevented from going to church; they did her as much good as a sermon."

To these various letters, though numbers of them are still, no doubt, preserved, I have had no access; extracts from them, could they have been obtained, would have greatly enriched the pages of this memoir, but might also have swelled it quite beyond the limits assigned this simple tribute to our dear friend's worth.

From the very few allusions to her own experience and her own feelings, found among her

papers, I select here and there one, written at different intervals of time—milestones along her pilgrimage, showing in what direction she always traveled—that her face was ever, as Rutherford says, "up the mountain."

The first which I give was evidently written many, many years ago, apparently not long after she gave herself to Christ:—

"I am convinced," she writes, "that faith is the gift of God; not only because I read it in my Bible, but because I feel my utter inability, by any natural power of my own, to produce it in myself. I am taught to pray for this blessing in the name of Jesus, but is not true prayer equally the gift of God?

"Thus I find myself 'a debtor to mercy alone.' What shall I do then, but flee to the cross of Christ, just as I am, blind, ignorant, helpless, guilty and polluted.

"MARY HALLMAN."

Years afterward, as is evident from the appearance of the ink and handwriting, she appended the following:

"Yes!

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
Oh! Lamb of God! I come!'"

A few years later, while still young in the Christian life, she writes to a friend:

"I know that the consolation you need is not to be found in *any creature.* The Lord has taught me, I trust, by many a painful lesson, that 'Conscience is the seat of blessedness, and *he himself*, without a creature's aid, that seat can fill.' I feel as if, in this affliction, our covenant God and Father has taken you into special favor, drawing you aside from this ensnaring world, hiding you in his pavilion, and teaching you many impressive lessons, thereby preparing you for future usefulness in his blessed cause.

"I do think, if I know the real feelings of my heart, that I love the dear people of God; and, if my affections flow out to them more at one season than another, it is when I perceive them under the afflicting hand of our heavenly Father.

It has been my lot to mingle much with my Father's children under various and complicated trials, and I do think I can say as the result of my experience, that I can refer to those seasons as among the sweetest that have marked our intercourse.

"I was much pleased, the other day, with a sermon I met with on the retrospect of our lives, which I verily believe to be the language of experience; I transcribe a short paragraph from it, as fully expressing my views: 'Before *tribulation* came, we imagined the world conquered forever, every idol dethroned in our hearts, and all our affections fixed on God. But disappointments and troubles force us to *see* that the world is not subdued, that it still exercises a sadly powerful influence over us—that the mind which we thought was elevated forever above the reach of the most tossing storms of life, can be agitated and distressed by some of its gentlest waves.' And what, my dear sister, has a retrospect of these scenes taught us? Truly a knowledge of ourselves and the leading defects of our own characters; of the

graces for which we should pray, and the evils against which we should most carefully watch; as also, of what we should most strenuously labor to correct, to cast out, to improve, or to attain." Later on in life, the few expressions found of her own feelings, breathe the same faith and the same spirit; thus she writes, at one time, "There is no infallible directory but the word of God; no expiatory atonement but the blood and death of Jesus; no sanctifying power but the Spirit of God."

"Christ's cross without a screen—his word without a clasp—the way to heaven without obstruction."

And again, "God's house is a hospital at one end, and a palace at the other. In the hospital end are placed Christ's members on earth, conflicting with various diseases, and confined to a strict regimen of his appointment. Now, what sort of a patient must he or she be, who would be sorry to be told that the hour is come for their deliverance from the hospital end, and to see and know that the door is thrown wide

open for their entrance into the King's presence beyond!"

While it is not claimed that these brief extracts evince unusual genius, or remarkable originality of thought, they surely do indicate a soundness of faith, a firm grasp of the fundamental truths of the gospel, and the entire reliance upon Christ of a soul that had sought its all in him, and had learned by the discipline of sharp and sore trial, where true rest could alone be found. These things are what the Christian needs daily. And perhaps some may learn, from the life of our lamented friend, to attain them, as she did, by living near to Christ, and feeding on his words.

We may fitly conclude this chapter, depicting, though so briefly and imperfectly, her inner life, with the words of a prayer, written by Miss Hallman, and dated April, 1854.

"We thank thee, O God! for thy unspeakable gifts, and we would cordially accept of thy mercy extended to us through the mediation of thy dear Son. We rejoice that he has been delivered for our offenses, and raised again for

our justification, and that he is now at thy right hand, exalted to be a prince and a Saviour. We would abandon every other refuge to hide in him, and every other foundation to build upon, and make him our only hope and our only confidence.

"And while we depend upon his death, and make mention of his righteousness only, we would admire his example, and desire to be conformed to his image. May we put on the Lord Jesus, not only by baptism, but by resembling him, whose life was beneficence, whose soul was meekness and humility, who pleased not himself, and who, of obedience the most trying and difficult could say, 'I delight to do thy will, oh my God, yea! thy law is my delight!' May his glory fill our minds, and his love reign in our hearts, and our best affections, so that at his cross and at his tomb, we may burn with ardor, to live, not to ourselves, but to him that died for us and rose again.'

CHAPTER IV.

ACTIVE LABOR FOR CHRIST.

THE records of the church with which she was so long identified, abundantly prove, that Miss Hallman was ready to engage in every good work. As early as 1810, a Female Missionary Society was formed in the First Baptist Church. Of this society she was one of the constituent members, and from that time forth, for fifty years, her devotion to the work of sending the gospel to the heathen never flagged. I do not suppose there was a day in that half-century on which she did not pray, and labor in some way to advance the cause she loved so well. She will be missed and her death lamented amid Karen jungles, and upon the ice-bound slopes of Canada; for the effects of her active sympathies and untiring zeal were felt there. And who, to many of our toiling and wearied mis-

sionaries, shall fill her place? Would that her mantle might rest upon more than one of those for whom I write, the members of the beloved Sunday-school which she helped to found, and in which she so long taught.

I copy, from the draft of a letter lying before me in her own characteristic handwriting. It gives evidence of her early interest in the great object of preaching Christ among those who knew him not.

"PHILA., *Oct.* 11*th*, 1813.

"*The Philadelphia Baptist Female Mission Society, to their Sisters, the Boston Female Society for Missionary Purposes.*

"DEAR SISTERS IN CHRIST,—We have observed, through the medium of the Missionary Magazine, your affectionate and pious address to female missionary societies, throughout our beloved America. We have the pleasure to acknowledge ourselves interested in such a communication; and, as we have been, in some measure, urged on by your excellent example, to the formation of our little society, we feel no hesitation in giving you such information re-

specting our rise and progress, as may be, at any time, necessary or important. We hope it will tend to strengthen your hands, animate your zeal, and enlist your fervent supplications on our behalf, that thus we may 'bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.'

"Before it was known to us that a female missionary society existed, several among us were deeply impressed with the thought of forming such an organization, and although conscious that our exertions, as contrasted with those of our brethren, would appear but of small importance, yet we were encouraged by the consideration, that 'it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.'

"In the year 1810, our blessed Lord, in his providence, sent among us our mutual friend and brother, Dr. Baldwin, whose zeal in his Master's cause, with the testimony he bore to your missionary exertions, stimulated us to action. While he was exhorting, we felt our hearts burn within us to be engaged in so honorable an employment. The zealous, labori-

ous, and pious missionaries bearing the standard of the everlasting gospel along the benighted frontier of our highly favored country, claimed our sympathies; how to render them a service, or to lessen their burdens, was our anxious inquiry; sensible, however, that all we could do would be in vain without the divine blessing, and having had experience of the condescending goodness of our Lord in accomplishing his purposes by small means, each one was ready to exclaim,

> 'The mite my willing hands can give,
> At Jesus' feet I lay.'

"With these feelings, on the evening of the 9th of November, 1810, sixteen females assembled in a private room, frequently occupied for purposes of prayer, and where the Master had often met us. At this meeting, we were favored with the presence of our respected and beloved brother, Dr. Staughton, in whom we recognize a zealous advocate of missionary exertions, a friend always ready to aid and instruct us, and, under his auspices, we organized.

"The officers of our society are a treasurer

and secretary, and a committee of ten, whose duty it is to obtain subscribers, and to collect, receive, and pay all moneys belonging to the society, agreeably to its rules. We have hitherto considered ourselves as an auxiliary to the Philadelphia Baptist Mission Society, with the privilege of altering our articles by the vote of a majority of the subscribers present at any annual meeting.

"The first year we obtained three hundred and thirty subscribers, whose subscriptions, with some donations received, enabled us to pay into the general fund, two hundred and forty dollars and eighty-one cents, besides five dollars and fifty-four cents, collected by a number of little children, whose exertions in the cause of our Lord ought not to be forgotten by us; we pray that their early impressions of piety received from example may be riveted by grace, and that every vacancy occasioned in our ranks by the translation of a pious mother to glory, may be filled by children zealous for the Lord of Hosts.

"Dear Sisters, we wish we could say that

our zeal and activity in Christ's service, bear any proportion to the mercies he has bestowed upon us, but alas! how weak are our endeavors to serve him! We rejoice to hear that our beloved sisters possess so much missionary zeal; oh! that we might partake more of the same spirit. May we all be earnest in casting our mite into the Lord's treasury, to aid the missionary in proclaiming the resurrection and the life, to souls now dead in trespasses and sins! O! that the Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing in his beams, the celestial dawn break upon those who dwell in the region of the shadow of death, and the enlightened nations shine, because 'their light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon them;' that destitute churches by our exertions may be supplied with heavenly manna, and 'drink of the brook by the way!'

"Let us be up and doing with renewed vigor. Though the usual sphere of woman is domestic life, yet, when opportunities like these offer, she may well appropriate a portion of her time to the Lord's service. Praying that the great

Head of the church may crown our united efforts for the promotion of his glory with abundant success, we remain, dear sisters, affectionately yours, in the bonds and fellowship of the gospel.

"Signed, by order, and in behalf of the Society,

"MARY HALLMAN, *Secretary.*"

From the principles and feelings expressed in this letter, she never swerved; she was truly and ever, "up and doing." I wish it were but possible to know the amount of money collected for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth, during the last half century, by this one disciple, herself poor in this world's goods, and comparatively unknown. It would surprise even those who have estimated her labors most highly. She never grudged effort or exertion when any good cause was to be advocated or aided by collecting funds; many and many are the miles her weary feet have walked up and down the streets of Philadelphia, undeterred alike by heat or cold, storm or fatigue, when some needed sum was to be

raised for a poor church, a pleading missionary in India or at Grande Ligne, or on our Western prairies, for the suffering at our doors, or the destitute far away.

She was never absent from the courts of the Lord's house, for her health was almost unbroken, through her long life, and her freedom from domestic ties left her at liberty to attend always upon the services of the sanctuary. Hence she knew of every application for aid, every plea for help that was made to the church, and in no good cause did she fail to take an interest. For the Pennsylvania Convention she was a persevering and successful collector, and in the mission services, established and long sustained in the western part of Philadelphia, by members of her own church, known, at one time, as the "Schuylkill branch of the First Baptist Church," she took a warm and decided interest. As proof of this, let the following appeal for that mission, from her pen, be put on record:

"PHILA., *June 2d*, 1836.

"*To the First Baptist Church of Phila.*

"DEAR BRETHREN,—At a late meeting of the managers of the Female Missionary Society of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, it was, on motion, resolved, that the undersigned be requested to submit to your serious consideration, a subject which, for some time, has weighed heavily on their minds; so much so, that they have resolved, with David, that they cannot rest until a habitation for the God of Jacob is erected in the vicinity where the 'Rock of Witness' for our denomination is planted by the God of Nature. That Rock, though now hidden, has a voice that speaks in thunder to reprove our negligence and want of zeal in building up the waste places around us.

"In connexion with this, it may not be improper for us to state, that, at the commencement of our enterprise in that region, about four years ago, when we beheld the rising population, and saw the moral degradation multiplying on every side, we could but exclaim with the poet, 'My God! how mournful is the

scene!' Our hearts were filled with pity, and the question, how to relieve and remedy, engrossed our minds, till, remembering the gracious words of our compassionate Master, when on earth, 'Lo! I am with you alway,' we resolved to go forward, and if it was not our province to go into their midst, and lift up the warning voice, and point them to the blessed Saviour, at least we would seek out and sustain one that could.

"The result of this effort is not unknown to you, inasmuch as you now embrace in your communion, as its fruits, more than ninety souls, who to the praise of sovereign and almighty grace, are 'living epistles, known and read of all men.'

"And now, dear brethren, in view of such facts, what does your wisdom think *ought* to, and *could* be done to establish a permanent ensign there, to which the many may rally and become good soldiers of Jesus Christ? A partial effort has been made, during the past winter, to ascertain what amount could be raised, by voluntary subscription, for such an

object, as well as to learn the mind of the friends in regard to it, and the conviction is firm, that if the Church place it in a tangible form, under her authority and sanction, that it will receive a liberal support.

"With sentiments of respect and affection, we remain yours, in all efforts to do good.

"Signed, on behalf of the Managers,

"MARY HALLMAN, *Treasurer.*"

Of the Dorcas Society she was, from its formation to the close of her earthly pilgrimage, an efficient member and officer; never away from its meetings, never failing in any service she could render it.

In addition to the Female Missionary Society, of which she was so long treasurer, she, with a very few other female members of the First Church, founded, and, for a number of years, sustained, one, called the Karen Society, pledged to the support and education of a Karen child, under the charge of Mrs. Wade. My earliest missionary recollections are connected with this society, the great quantity of useful and fancy articles she was always making to sell for

its benefit, and the stormy evenings on which she could not be persuaded to remain away from its meetings.

I remember too, during Dr. Judson's visit to Philadelphia, when so vigorous an effort was made to remove the debt under which the Missionary board was laboring, how she rose and pledged herself for one hundred dollars to make Mrs. Ann Rhees a life member of the society; and she raised it too, making good her pledge as she did every other she ever gave. "I had to stand up on the seat of the pew," she told me afterward, laughing, "to be either seen or heard in such a crowd, and I tell you, my knees shook under me, for I never undertook before to make a speech in church: but they were making this man a life-member, and that man a life-member, never thinking of the women who loved the cause just as much as they did and would do as much for it, according to their ability. I was determined if they had no other woman's name among them, they should have Mrs. Rhees; and I thought I could raise a hundred dollars for it by trying. So I just

stood up, till I saw Dr. Ide, the pastor, who was not far from me, looking at me, and I said, 'I pledge myself for one hundred dollars to make Mrs. Ann Rhees a life-member of the Missionary Union,' and then you never saw any one slip down out of sight as quickly as I did."

There was no self-seeking or ostentatious display in her efforts to do good. She labored because she loved the work and him for whom she did it; and I think those who knew her best will bear witness with me, that she never boasted of any thing which she accomplished. I have heard her often speak exultingly of what she had been able to do, enjoying the success of her efforts to the utmost, but it was always a grateful exultation, and an entire recognition of the Power which had helped her to succeed. If she sometimes seemed to expect too much of others in the way of giving to the cause of Christ, or of effort for it, it was because her own consecration to it was so entire, and her delight in it so great, that she could hardly understand or make due allowance for a different state of feeling.

I said to her, two days before she went to her reward, "if I may choose your epitaph, it shall be this, 'she hath done what she could.'"

Her languid eyes brightened, and then filled with tears, as she replied "I have, I think I may dare to say I have done what I could; to Him be all the glory! When my father turned me from his door so long ago, and all my own people cast me off, I made up my mind that there was no more earthly happiness for me but in trying to do all the good I could, and I have tried to live ever since with that one end in view."

How well she accomplished that end, and how much good she did, may never be fully known, until we all stand where the results of earthly effort will be justly estimated, and every one "shall receive his own reward according to his own labor." Meantime, she "rests from her labors, and her works do follow her."

CHAPTER V.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE Sunday-school of the First Baptist Church has the honor of being the oldest, except one, in Philadelphia; with its very beginnings Miss Hallman was closely associated, as she was with its onward progress and its prosperity, until, less than a year before her death, the infirmities of her advancing age, particularly her failing sight and hearing, obliged her to give up the work in which she had so long delighted.

She has left us a brief account of the commencement of this now prosperous and flourishing school, which she prepared a few years since at the request of some of its members.

"The following account of some of the principal facts connected with the formation of the Sunday-school of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia is furnished by one who, having

been a teacher in it from its very commencement, is better qualified to speak of it than any other now living. It is a matter of deep regret to her as it is to many others, that the history of the school should not have been written by its beloved and worthy founder, but, whenever the subject was urged upon her, her unwavering reply was, 'our record is on high.'

"In the fall of 1815, the providence of God brought under the notice of a saint now gone to her reward, Mrs. Ann Rhees, a poor family who resided in her vicinity, consisting of a mother and three children, whose husband and father had a short time before enlisted in the state service, leaving them without support except the scanty pittance of his half-pay, and what little the poor mother could earn by washing. The children were growing up in ignorance, for at that time there was not, as now, provision for the instruction of the poor in public schools, and even the Sunday-school was not known, except by a single organization which had been formed at the corner of Arch

and Third Streets, in the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia.

"While interested for the family of whom we have spoken, it occurred to Mrs. Rhees that, on their account and that of others, it would be well to open such a school in the church of which she was a member. She suggested the thought to two female friends, who most cordially approved the design, and agreed to embark in the enterprise at once.

"On the following day, they set out for the purpose of consulting some of the leading brethren of the church as to the propriety of the measure. Their first call was on a brother, thought to possess wisdom, prudence, and discretion, but he 'did not like the idea of congregating children in a mass, and exhibiting them on the Lord's day to be gazed at as paupers.' Though somewhat discouraged by his disapproval, they were not disposed to give up their project, and referred the matter to their revered and beloved pastor, Dr. Holcombe. He listened to their plan, and replied smilingly, 'Well, my

sisters, you can but try it; blossoms are sweet and beautiful, even if they produce no fruit.'

"Thus, fortified by his approval, they called on good Deacon Keen, who, after hearing their recital, encouraged them to go on, saying it was a good work, and he would do what he could to advance it, by meeting with them and opening the school with prayer, which he did, on the following Sunday, bringing with him a good brother, who delivered a short address on the great utility of such institutions as established by Robert Raikes, in England, from whence he had recently come.

"About twenty children, male and female, had been collected for the occasion, both rich and poor; these were divided into classes, and first taught by Ann Rhees, Sarah Ogden, Emily Ramage and Mary Hallman. This was our organization. As the expiration of forty years, it is pleasant to look back, and 'remember all the way the Lord our God has led us,' with so many marks of his divine approval; the 'little one' has long since 'become a thousand;' to God be all the praise and glory!

"The family whose circumstances gave rise to the formation of the school have been truly blessed by its efforts. The father, mother, and three daughters were all brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and became members of the church, adorning their profession by a consistent walk and conversation. The mother and two daughters have since finished their course on earth, the mother departing in such triumphs of faith as are rarely witnessed, and without a doubt of entering on that rest, which 'remaineth for the people of God!' The father, who is still living, remarked to the writer of this short sketch, not long since, when speaking of the death of Mrs. Rhees, 'All that I am in this world, and all that I hope to be in the next, I owe, under God, to the school which she established.'

"The benefits conferred upon this family are but a small proportion of the good which is known to have flowed from the institution of this school. Much more has doubtless been accomplished, which is known only to him, 'unto whom all hearts are open, all desires

known, and from whom no secrets are hid.' Among other results, we must not forget to say that more than a score who have once been either pupils or teachers in our school, are now on the walls of Zion, publishing the glad tidings of peace, while one has gone far hence to the heathen."

Under date of April 13th, 1819, I find the following report, which can hardly fail to be interesting to those now connected with the school of whose early days it is a memorial.

"This being the first regular meeting of the Society since the revision and amendment of the constitution, some report will no doubt be anticipated, respecting the arrangements which have been adopted.

"The Board chosen to conduct the internal regulations of the Society have had several meetings for the purpose, at which they have appointed teachers to the different sections, filled vacancies that have occurred by resignation, and adopted rules by which the teachers should be governed.

"In compliance with a request of the Board,

the teachers so appointed did, at the last meeting, forward their several reports containing such information as at that time could be collected respecting the children of their charge. The committee appointed to examine these reports have learned with pleasure that the utmost harmony and unanimity continues to prevail among those who are actively engaged in the school. The separation of the male and female departments has tended to the benefit of both, by affording more room and lessening the confusion unavoidably created by teaching so many in one room. But little more than two months having elapsed since the present regulation of the school, not much can be said respecting the progress of the scholars. But from the several reports of the teachers, it appears that the children generally have been attentive to their lessons, and that many of them have made considerable improvement.

"It may not be uninteresting to the Society to be informed, that since the commencement of the present mode of proceeding, there have

been committed to memory by the first class of the boys' school, five hundred and twenty-one verses of Scripture, and they are now going through the Catechism. In the girls' department, the first class, in which are eleven scholars, have recited, since August, two thousand, five hundred and seventeen verses, including the proofs for the Catechism, which they have completed. The second class, containing twelve scholars, have recited, since February, three hundred and thirty-seven verses, and are now going through the Catechism.

"Although your Committee are convinced that the word of the Lord, unaccompanied by his divine influence, will not produce a generating effect, they are, nevertheless, encouraged to hope that such influence will attend the feeble efforts that they are making to impress sacred truths on the young and tender mind; and their hopes are strengthened by the consideration that the exertions of the teachers are seconded by the prayers of the Society, at whose request they are thus employed, and

'Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give.'

"There are at present on the roll, the names of sixty-six boys, and sixty-four girls. The Society will perceive that the Board have been compelled to exceed the limits prescribed by the constitution, in doing which they have no fear of censure, for, having enlarged their boundaries, they thought it but right to receive all who applied for admission.

"The Committee are inclined to believe, from the information they have collected, that the school is in a prosperous state, and that the encouragement to perseverance is increasing. They hope that the teachers will find their hearts encouraged and their hands strengthened by the approbation and fervent prayers of the Society. The benefits arising from such institutions, though not immediately visible among us, may, nevertheless, be seen and felt after many days.

"May the Lord greatly enrich us all with every grace, that we may discharge our various

duties to divine acceptance, and bear the toils and trials of life, with cheerful resignation.

"Yours, in this labor of love,

"SUSAN ENGLE, *First Directress.*

"MARY HALLMAN, *Secretary.*

"JAMES M. BIRD, *Superintendent.*"

We have thus, in Miss Hallman's own words, some record of one of the earliest attempts at Sunday-school instruction in our city, probably in our land. To have been one of the pioneers of such an enterprise, since so owned and blessed of God, is no small honor; to have been constantly and indefatigably engaged in it for more than forty years, through summer's heat and winter's cold, always at her post, and always prepared, by careful study, to fill it, may well be remembered and spoken of, in praise of her who has departed,—nay! rather to the praise and glory of his grace who worked in her, "both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

When, at the close of this long service, her failing sight obliged her to resign the post she had so long held, a number of her fellow-teachers united in presenting her with a very

handsome copy of the Bible, as a token of their Christian regard, and of the esteem in which they held her. It was accompanied by the following note:

"A happy Christmas to our fellow-laborer in the work of Sunday-school instruction. We ask, on your retiring from the work, a continuance of your prayers on our behalf: be assured we have you in our affectionate remembrance, and pray God the evening of your life may be useful and happy.

"*Dec. 25th*, 1859."

It was a gratifying testimonial, honorable to her who received, and to those who gave it, and Miss Hallman felt it deeply, coming as it did from those with whom she had so long been associated in the work to which the best years of her life were given. Her reply is addressed

"To the teachers of the Sunday-school of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, who united in the presentation of a most beautiful copy of the Bible, accompanied with a kind and affectionate note of regard, on the eve of the 25th of December, 1859.

"You may believe me, my dear friends, when I say I have no words whereby to express the feelings of my heart on the reception of your kind note, and valuable offering, which this is to testify has been most gratefully received.

"Permit me to say that, aside from its intrinsic worth, which (you all know) is far above rubies, I shall ever prize it, and place it among my choicest mementos of affectionate remembrance. Allow me then, in the words of another

'To thank you, my friends, for this gift of God's word
Which so oft to my heart its sweet comfort affords,
And my prayer for you is, that a recompense truly divine,
From the light of its truths in each bosom may shine;
May its promises cheer you, when sorrows invade,
When tempted and tried, be your light and your shade,
May its counsels direct you and wisdom impart,
And its Author protect and comfort each heart,
Till care and temptation and sorrow shall cease,
And we all meet to adore him in the mansions of peace.'

"Yours, truly, in much affection,

"MARY HALLMAN.

"*Phila. Dec. 27th*, 1859."

CHAPTER VI.

AS A TEACHER.

IN proof of Miss Hallman's careful preparation for her duties as a Sunday-school teacher, I propose to give one or two examples, taken at random from among the very large number of lessons and exercises written out for the instruction of her classes on each successive Lord's day, and which still remain, let us hope, to be useful to other teachers and other scholars, so that, through them, she, "being dead," may yet speak. I have heard more than one of those who knew how thoroughly her lessons were always prepared, wish, since her departure, that they could but have the use of her manuscripts, to aid them in their own duties as teachers in the Sunday-school.

During so long a period of instruction, she had, of course, many varieties of mind and character to act upon; at one time, a large class of

young ladies, intelligent and refined, just on the verge of womanhood. Thus, in one report, she speaks of "nine young ladies, five of whom are members of the church."

"Our course of instruction since the last report," she adds, "has been mainly confined to the first eighteen chapters of the "Acts of the Apostles," embracing an interesting history of the planting and spread of the gospel in those early days. Our afternoons have been devoted to the repeating of the Catechism, with proofs from the Bible, and recitations of various selected Scriptures, such as Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost, Stephen's defense, etc.

"In closing my report, it is pleasant to say that four of my class have consented to become teachers, one in the branch school, just formed, another in the infant school as assistant, while the other two will take classes in our own department."

At another time, she reports "the names of fourteen little boys, from eight to ten years of age, several of whom have committed to memory several chapters of Proverbs, with the

entire Sermon on the Mount. Two of them have received, as a merited reward for lessons, a copy of the entire Bible; six others each a pocket Testament. There is a marked improvement in their whole deportment, which is most gratifying to their teacher."

The number of minds influenced by her, during the forty years of her connection with the school, must have been very large. That she felt deeply the responsibility thus laid upon her, is evident from the pains taken to make her lessons useful and interesting, whether to the little boys of her charge, or to the maturer minds of her Bible class, and from the earnest prayers for the blessing of God, with which most of them close.

Here is a short exercise—no doubt greatly elaborated and drawn out in talking it over with them—prepared for the class of little boys already alluded to:

"God's Signature.—When any one gives in writing a promise to do certain things, and then signs his name to it, that is called his signature. Now this signature binds the writer to fulfill the

promise thus written upon paper, does it not? Certainly it does.

"Well! have you ever seen the signature of God, appended to any promise which he has given? *I* have! Yes! I saw it the other day, and a most beautiful signature it was. I never saw such writing by any human hand. It was written with a sunbeam for a pen, and in ink of seven different brilliant colors, namely, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, and it was nothing more nor less than a rainbow.

"Can you tell me to what promise this signature is placed? Open your Bibles and look at the ninth chapter of Genesis, from the 11th to the 17th verse. Here we have the promise of God, never to let the waters of a flood destroy the world again. And, wherever and whenever we see a rainbow, let us think that the eye of God is looking at it too, and that, remembering his promise given so long ago to Noah, he is saying, 'I will never send another flood to destroy the creatures that live upon the earth,' and let us think too how merciful God is, to make such a promise to so wicked a world. Ah yes!

instead of sending a flood to destroy, he has sent his own beloved Son to save whosoever will come to him with a surrender of their entire heart.

At the bottom of this is written, "Have I made this surrender of my best affections? Thou who knowest all things, knowest if I have any reserve!

> 'Lord! search my heart and try my ways,
> And make my soul sincere.'"

I give in addition, a lesson which we may all study with profit, prepared for her Bible class, upon the Tongue:—

> "'O! guard thy roving thoughts with jealous care,
> For speech is but the dial-plate of thought,
> And every fool reads plainly in thy words
> What is the hour of thy poor heart!'

"The right and religious use of the tongue is of special importance and contributes much not only to our outward but our inward peace. An old writer has most justly said that 'original corruption has put upon every man's tongue, an empoisoned fiery edge, whereby, like a sword

in a madman's hand, it kills and slays on all sides. It wofully wounds the conscience, and too often mangles the good name of the absent, with deadly malice. Thus, it bathes itself remorselessly in continual bloodshed, for we may rest assured there is heart-murder and tongue-murder as well as hand-murder. How is this to be accounted for? By the fact that in the corruption of our nature, sin diffused itself as a poison through all the members of the human body, and, among its other defilements, it hath not spared the tongue, which, by the Apostle James, has been denominated a 'world of iniquity!'

"We have all too much reason to know that this member of our organization, which was made to be the instrument of God's praise, has, through sin, become a weapon of unrighteousness. Let us therefore, with the word of God in our hands, 'search the Scriptures,' and heed their teachings upon this most important subject.

"1. Do many evils arise from a talkative disposition? 'In a multitude of words there

wanteth not sin:' Prov. x. 19. See also Ecclesiastes, x. 11.

"2. Is not great care necessary when we use our tongues in the worship of God? 'Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thy heart be hasty to utter any thing before God:' Ecclesiastes v. 2.

"3. Is not the government of our tongues a good test of our religious character? The Apostle so speaks, 'If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridle not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain:' James i. 26.

"4. Shall we have to render a strict account of all the evil and idle words which our tongues speak? The precious Saviour has testified on this point, 'But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned:' Matt. xii. 36, 37.

"5. Will the right use of our tongues save us from much trouble? 'Whoso keepeth his

mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles:' Prov. xxi. 23.

"6. Have we any example in the Scriptures, of prayer for divine aid against the sins of the tongue? 'Set a watch, oh Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips:' Psalm cxli. 3.

"7. In what way can we best regulate our tongues, and keep them from evil? 'Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man:' Colossians iv. 6.

"8. To what is the tongue of man compared or likened in the Scripture? To a sword, Psalm lx. 3; to choice silver; Proverbs x. 20; to health, Proverbs xii. 18; to a tree of life, Proverbs xv. 4; to power determining life and death, Proverbs xviii. 21; to honey and milk, Songs of Solomon iv. 11; to a devouring fire, James iii. 5; to an arrow, Jeremiah ix. 8; to a bow, Jeremiah ix. 3; to the pen of a writer, Psalm xlv. 1; to the bit in a horse's mouth, James iii. 3; to the helm of a ship, James, iii. 4; to a fountain, James iii. 11; to a sharp razor, Psalm lii. 2; to a world of iniquity, James iii. 6.

"9. What are some of the sins of the tongue pointed out by the Word of God, that we should take heed to avoid them? 'Slander, Psalm lxiv. 3–4; Deceit, Jeremiah ix. 8, Psalm l. 19; Falsehood, Psalm cxx. 3; Flattery, Psalm v. 9, Proverbs xxviii. 23; Lying, Proverbs vi. 17; Backbiting, Psalm xv. 3, Proverbs xii. 18; Craftiness or guile, Rev. xiv. 5, Psalm xxxiv. 13; Mischief, Psalm x. 7, Psalm lii. 2; Evil, 1 Peter iii. 10, Psalm xxxiv. 13; Pride, Psalm xii. 3–4; Vanity, Psalm x. 7; Perverseness, Proverbs xv. 4, Isaiah lix. 3; Naughtiness, Proverbs xvii. 4.

"The sin of a *silent* tongue is manifest in withholding obedience to the commands of God to use it for his glory, or for the good of man.

"The sin of a *vain* tongue is shown in boasting of what its heart desires, without regard to the real facts.

"The sin of an *evil* tongue not only embitters life, but repels peace, and fosters discomfort of every kind. It is hasty or soon angry; it is 'set on fire of hell:' James iii. 3.

"The *scoffing* tongue is one which derides re-

ligion and things sacred; it was foretold as a sin of the last times. 2 Peter iii. 3.

"The *cursing* tongue desires some evil to befall an other. Proverbs x. 7. To call down a curse upon a fellow-being is an awful sin.

"The *slanderous* tongue speaks to the prejudice of another, and utters evil reports, so that holiness itself is not safe from its attacks. See Matthew xi. 18. Let us take special pains to guard against this; it is a sin our frail nature is very prone to.

"The *lying* tongue is one of those things which God is said to hate, Prov. vi. 17; see also how God punished it, Acts v. 5; and what will be their portion and situation, Rev. xxii. 15. Lying is a sin that never goes alone; see 2 Sam. xv. 7, and the account of the treason and unnatural rebellion which followed.

"A *murmuring* tongue is one given to complaint, and is one that God cannot endure, it is full of ingratitude and rebellion; it is always unthankful, and considers not how much it is a debtor to God, and that whatever it has, is more than it deserves: Numbers xiv. 27.

"A *seducing* tongue is one whose fair speech and smooth statements can make error look so like truth, that one can hardly know them asunder; it invariably misleads for the purpose of corrupting: Romans xvi. 18.

"The *cruel* tongue is compared to a sharp sword, it speaks to the wounding of the heart: Psalm lxix. 26.

"The *censorious* tongue usurps the prerogative of God, who alone knows the various motives that prompt to action: James iv. 12. It is fostered much by pride; were our hearts more humble, our tongues would be more charitable.

"The *unclean* tongue vents itself in filthy and scurrilous words, whose tendency is to contaminate and defile the whole nature.

"10. How then are we to guard against these sins of the tongue? If we would have better tongues let us labor to have better hearts; it is the heart that influences the tongue. It is a fact known to every observer, that, if the heart is vain and earthly, the tongue will soon manifest it; so if it is holy. Let us then seek to have a principle of grace in our hearts, that

will sanctify not only the tongue but all our members.

"We are to take heed to have a care of our tongues, and to watch and mark how and when we have offended; many sins are committed for want of watchfulness: Proverbs xxx. 32.

"We should pray the Lord to guard our tongues, and not attempt the work in our own strength, for 'the tongue can no man tame.' But by the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, it may and should be regulated.

"If we would be kept from *evil* speaking, we must also accustom ourselves to good speaking. Let us then speak often to one another of Christ and the things of his kingdom. And this leads us to consider,

"11. What are the duties of the tongue? We find some of them to be to glorify God by magnifying His name; to sing his praise; to declare to others God's goodness; to pray to him for what we want; to make open profession of our submission to Christ; to preach his word; to defend the truth; to exhort those about us to particular duties; to confess our

sins to God; to express kindness and good-will to our fellow-creatures.

"The motives to a right performance of these duties, and to beware of the sins of the tongue, are, in the first place, that its *proper* use is an evidence of our religious character. It is surely a witness against us if we are found in the habit of dropping words like coals of fire, thereby slandering and injuring our fellow-creatures.

"And again, the sins of the tongue are defiling; it conveys poison into the ear and heart of another, by false suggestions, or misleading words. To use the tongue, which is the glory of man, improperly and sinfully, is certainly most displeasing to God, and most injurious to ourselves. Remember how for one hasty speech, Moses, though so eminent a servant of God, was not permitted to enter Canaan, and let us beware, lest by our many transgressions in this, as well as in other respects, we are shut out of Heaven, of which the earthly Canaan was but a type.

"Let us remember, too, as an incentive to great caution in the use of our tongues, that we

shall have to render an account to God, when the last great day of reckoning shall come, of every evil or idle word that we have spoken. It is truly a solemn thought that, in the book of God's remembrance all our words are written. Let us then be careful that we offend not with our tongues, since the Saviour himself has declared, that by our words we shall be justified, and by our words we shall be condemned.

"'Set God before thee; every word
Thy lips pronounce, by him is heard!
O! couldst thou realize this thought,
What care, what caution would be taught!

'The time is short,'—this day may be
The very last assigned to thee;
So speak, that shouldst thou ne'er speak more,
Thou mayst not this day's words deplore.'"

It will be readily seen that lessons like these were not prepared without study and thought, and when we remember how invariably they were prepared, week after week, for so many years, we may form some estimate of her consistent and persistent devotion to her duties as a Sunday-school teacher.

I cannot more fitly close this chapter than with a brief letter—one of many such—addressed to a member of her class upon the day of her baptism and public profession of the name of Christ.

"My Dear L.—This is a day never to be forgotten by you, the day on which you have acknowledged the Lord to be *your* God and Saviour, in the holy ordinance of baptism, which he not only instituted, but observed, saying, thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness.

"In this act of consecration, you have invoked the gaze of men and angels, calling upon each to witness your entire surrender to Christ and to his service. See then, that you walk worthy of this 'high calling,' and that you may do so, 'unto all pleasing,' be fruitful in every good word and work, 'increasing in the knowledge of God.'

"'I have no *greater joy*,' said the beloved John, 'than to hear that my children walk in the truth,' and so says your affectionate friend and teacher in the Sunday-school.

"Mary Hallman.

"P. S.—'I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your heart by faith, that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.' This, my dear L——, is your teacher's constant prayer for you."

CHAPTER VII.

LAST DAYS.

IT should not be forgotten that, during all this time of active devotion to the Master's service, Miss Hallman was, until within a few years of the close of her useful life, supporting herself by her needle, and accomplishing all of which we have made brief and hasty record, in the intervals of necessary toil. Though her father became so far reconciled to her, that she was permitted to visit him in his last illness, yet her share of his estate was very small, and she had, through life, no dependence but the labor of her own hands. That she did so sustain herself, through her long pilgrimage, independently and cheerfully, I count her worthy of all honor, and it does surely render somewhat remarkable the history of her many quietly accomplished labors of love, to remember that they were done, not by one who had ample leisure

and means to devote to such deeds, but by one whose constant daily toil was necessary to her own daily subsistence.

To the record of her labors in the missionary cause, in the Dorcas Society, and in the Sunday-school, might be added the tale of many a quiet alms-deed, many a tract distributed, many a Bible given, from her own limited resources, and many a vigil beside the sick and dying. But enough has been said to show that her love for Jesus was a living, active principle, which found its necessary and legitimate expression in striving to follow his blessed example of going about doing good.

I know not how she appeared to those who were with her more constantly than I, in her later years, but to me it seemed, when I did meet her, that the abruptness and decision of manner which often in her younger days gave offense, were materially softened, and that she was far readier than formerly to make allowance for those who did not see in all things as she did. That her heart was always full of praise and love, I know; I met her, a few months before

her death, coming out of the noon prayer-meeting, on which she was a constant and devout attendant, and told her, playfully, as we walked on together, that I had discovered why she did not make me a visit, long talked of and expected in vain,—"You can't make up your mind to leave these noon-meetings even for a single day, Cousin Mary,—now, is not that the reason?"

"Well," said she, "I do believe it *is;* I have fixed a time again and again, and made all my arrangements to be gone a day or two, and then, as it draws near, I begin to think of being absent at this blessed noon-hour, and I lose all disposition to go. O! I do enjoy it so!" she continued, while her eyes, now dim with age, kindled with animation; "I would lose my dinner any day sooner than be absent. I come away every day, saying, 'Bless the Lord, oh! my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!' Indeed, that is what I feel like saying all the time—my life is so crowned with mercies!"

She told me the same thing upon her death-bed, in perhaps the last connected conversation

which she was able to hold with any one. "I have been looking back since I have been lying here, too weak to talk or read—looking back over all the way by which the Lord has led me, and it is *all mercy*,—nothing *but* mercy;" she repeated the words, the tears streaming down her cheeks, "*nothing but mercy.*" And I, as I glanced back over what I knew of the way she had trodden, even within my recollection, could but feel how strong and unquestioning was the faith, how earnest and submissive the love, that recognized in such a lot "nothing but mercy." A lonely, solitary woman, from her girlhood even to old age, without family ties or home endearments, dependent on her own exertions for a livelihood, finding almost her sole enjoyment and recreation from labor in the services of the Lord's house,—this, I knew she had been, yet in the retrospect of such a life, dreary and unattractive as to the world's vision it appears, she could say, in all sincerity of heart, and with streaming tears of gratitude, "it is all mercy."

She spoke of her long residence with Mrs. Rhees, and with a niece of Mrs. R——, of whose

family she was afterward for a time a member, and of all the kindness shown her there; of the dear friends who had, for the last ten years, until within a few weeks of her death, given her a home, thus freeing her from the necessity of toiling over her needle since her failing sight had rendered it too great a task, and of the providential way in which her little income had been, about the same time, doubled, making it, when thus doubled, a mere pittance yearly, such as many a lady spends upon the mere trimming of a single garment, but sufficing for her simple wants, and putting a new song of thankfulness into her mouth, as it enabled her to devote thereafter her entire time to the direct service of her Master and those for whom he died.

She told me how the leaving the kind friends, whose roof had so long sheltered her, had grieved and troubled her, "but the Lord opened my way before me," she said, "as he has always done before; and is it not wonderful that he has brought me back among my own people to die, after being so long separated from them? And I could not be more comfortable than I am

here, more kindly treated, or better cared for." She spoke in the most grateful terms of the warmth with which her nephew and his wife had urged her making their house her home, and the pains they had taken to make her comfortable, and expressed her earnest hope that her going there might be made a blessing, whether she lived or died.

She told me of her being taken ill while in the midst of preparing a box to go to Burmah, and of the chill which had shaken her as she never shook before. "Ought not I to be thankful to my Heavenly Father," said she, "that in all my long life he never let me have a chill before?" So entirely unused was she to serious illness, that, in spite of all remonstrance, she would go out, with the chill still on her, to carry some of the articles for her missionary box to a friend who had promised to make them. She would "walk it off," she said; she had not "time to be sick until that box was packed."

She reached her friend's house, at a distance of some eight or ten squares, but so ill as to be obliged to lie down the instant she entered, and

remain until near evening. Then, though they were very unwilling that she should leave, thinking her quite unable to walk, she insisted on returning home, which she did, never to go out again, till carried to her burial.

"I have not a wish about it," she told me, in that last interview; "life or death, just as the Lord pleases. The doctor told me this morning I was not in port yet, I might have some rocks still to weather, and stormy seas to meet, but the Pilot is at the helm, and I am not afraid; living or dying, I am the Lord's."

I am induced just here, by its accordance with these dying words of our friend, to transcribe a little record found upon the fly-leaf of a well-worn hymn book, which she was accustomed to carry about her. It reminds one, in its tone, of Rutherford, who, more than most—since the time of the beloved disciple—seemed to draw near to, and rest upon the bosom of his Lord. Its spirit of entire consecration is that which her whole life exemplified.

"I, Mary Hallman, take thee, blessed Jesus, to be my wedded Husband, to have and to hold,

from this day forth, for thy love, for thy crosses, for thy work, for thy comforts; to love, honor and obey, so long as I shall live, assuredly believing that death will not part us, Lord Jesus!

> 'For when I must die, receive me, I'll cry,
> For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why;
> But this I do find, that we are so joined,
> He'll not be in glory, and leave me behind.'"

Yet, mingled with this assured consciousness that she was Christ's, was no self-confidence, no trust in any thing she had done or could do; she seemed to shrink from even the expression of hope that I would have had her make, lest it should sound like presumption. When about to leave her, knowing she should not see me again on earth, she said, as she kissed and blessed me, again and again, with many tears, "I hope, dear child,—I hope there is a world where we shall know and love each other again."

"O! Cousin Mary!" I exclaimed, "don't say I hope; say I know! I am just as sure of meeting you again, where there is no more sorrow, if I do but prove faithful, as I am that I am

leaving you now. And you are on the very borders of that good land, you can almost see its brightness,—say I know!'

"I know in whom I have believed!" she answered, meekly; "further than that, I have always felt, through all my Christian life, it better became a sinner like me to say I hope than I know. Not that I have any doubts now," she added, quickly, "there is not the shadow of a doubt upon my mind."

Two days later, in the early hours of the holy day on which she had so loved to go up to the Lord's house, a dear friend, calling to inquire for her, was told, "she appears to be dying; the doctor thinks she cannot live until evening." The tidings were carried to the Sunday-school, whither she had so often, at the same hour, gone, and the superintendent, after the opening exercises, announced that their sister and friend, Mary Hallman, one of the founders of the school, and longer connected with all its interests than any other person, was approaching the close of her useful life, and apparently even now in the dark valley of the shadow, he suggested

therefore, that, if agreeable to the feelings of all present, the hour should be devoted to prayer for her, in this, her last mortal exigency, that the God she had served so long and faithfully would be with her now, and that, leaning on him, she might fear no evil. A unanimous vote of teachers and scholars approved the suggestion and the whole hour was spent in prayer for her.

Again in the afternoon, as she still lingered, though unconscious, the entire session was spent in fervent supplication to him, who himself once tasted death, that amid the swellings of Jordan, he would be with his servant, and give her a peaceful and easy transition to his upper sanctuary. Those prayers were surely heard and answered.

Through the long while of that Lord's day, she lay unconscious of surrounding things, but apparently free from pain; and, at its close, a few friends standing silently round her, she passed away, almost without a struggle. There was a short period of unquietness, a tossing from one side to the other of her bed, a nervous restlessness, the last flickerings of the flame of

physical life, and then suddenly, while the autumn twilight still lingered, she raised herself almost into a sitting posture, a brightness flashed across the faded face, and beckoning earnestly with one uplifted hand, as to some one whom those around her could not see, she sank back upon the pillow and was gone. Gone to the presence of her Lord! that beckoning hand, that brightening countenance were her "Come, Lord Jesus!" and he took her to be forever with himself.

I cannot more fitly close these pages than with the obituary notices written; one for the Sunday-school Times, by one of her most intimate and best loved friends; the other, for the Christian Chronicle, by her pastor, of whom she said to me, when dying, "he is *such* a *blessing;* I cannot be thankful enough for my pastor."

"GONE TO HER REWARD.—Departed this life, on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 28, 1860, Miss Mary Hallman, in the 73d year of her age. In her death the Sunday-school has lost a veteran in the cause. She was one of the founders of the school attached to the First Baptist Church of

this city, and from that time, including a period of forty-five years, until about one year since, she continued a faithful and efficient teacher in said school. Nor did she confine her efforts to one object. The Missionary, Tract, and Bible causes were all dear to her heart, and in every department of benevolence she labored with untiring zeal. Less than two weeks before her death, her weary feet traveled beyond her strength, collecting for benevolent objects. Her life was a consistent and steady course of doing good. Yet her only hope for salvation was in the atonement made by the death of her Saviour. She labored because she loved him who died for her. Her faith was strong, and she looked with fond anticipation to that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Nothing kept her from her seat in the house of prayer. She loved the house of God, and the people of God. Her religious enjoyments were of a high order. In many circles she will be indeed missed. Many say, 'she was my teacher, and my children's teacher.' But we would follow her to her reward, and almost hear the waiting angels sing,

as they bear her glad spirit to the mansions of rest—

'Welcome! we bear thee home! come to the heavenly bowers.
Come, where no serpent trail is seen amid the flowers;
Come and receive thy crown as victor in the strife,—
No *earthly* conqueror's meed, the crown of endless life!'

The memory of the just is blessed.

"J. L. S."

"MARY HALLMAN.—To a great many whose eyes will light on the above name, that name has been long familiar and endeared. Mary Hallman was widely and favorably known as a Christian of no ordinary stamp, outside of her own church and even denomination. This fact will justify some record more extended than the usual obituary notice.

"More than half a century ago she passed through that experience which is recorded of Lydia, 'whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended to the things that were spoken of Paul.' She was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Staughton, and from that hour of her consecration to Christ to the time of her departure from all

earthly services, on the last Lord's day in October, a period of about fifty-four years, she was a consistent and exemplary member of the First Baptist Church of this city. This fact, of itself, is most valuable testimony for the truth and blessedness of the religion she professed. Fifty-four years of uniform Christian devotion mark *her* as one of those who 'being dead, yet speak.'

"Mary Hallman possessed a mind of more than ordinary vigor and clearness. She was a quick observer, strong in her convictions, judicious in her views, with great love of reading, and remarkable powers of memory. Sketches that she has left among her papers of persons and things, views of religious truth and comments on Scripture passages, would delight and instruct any and all who might read them. They show remarkable clearness of thought, and depth and fervor of Christian experience.

Her peculiar talent was a spirit of untiring activity and patient perseverance in the various fields of Christian effort. The spirit of this servant of Christ could not be better expressed

tnan in her own words, in a letter written to Mrs. Vinton in Burmah, just before her death and not yet sent: 'Toil on, then,—as written by your own hand upon the fold of a fan you gave me on the eve of your departure, at the farewell meeting—work on, working, working! Jesus holds out a glorious crown.'

"She was an untiring, earnest worker. The church with which she was connected for more than fifty years knew her value. She was one of the three who inaugurated its Sunday-school, and from that beginning until within a short time of her death, she labored faithfully and successfully in this department. Such was the appreciation of her loving and faithful services here, that on the Sunday afternoon of her death, when intelligence reached the school that their beloved teacher and co-laborer was dying, it was at once determined to spend the whole session in prayer to God for her; and none who were there will ever forget the scene, the earnest, beseeching prayers, the touching expressions of sympathy and strong affection.

"The worship of the sanctuary was her de-

light. Up to the last, with the infirmities of age creeping on, she could never consent to be away from any place where that promise was suspended like a glorious crown. 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' Through rain and storm and darkness this worshiper of her God would pass, to the last, to mingle in services that were full of life, and peace, and joy for her.

"Nor were her sympathies and efforts limited to her own church. With many true Christians, this restriction of effort is a condition of success. As the current of a river, if shut up within its own banks, will flow deep and strong, but if diffused over too wide a surface will soon be exhausted, so the active sympathies of many hearts cannot bear a too general exposure on the burning Sahara of life, without a sensible diminution of depth and power. But hers was a peculiar gift in this respect. Those who knew her best saw no abatement of fervor and energy in the comprehensiveness of her aims. She was one who, from a peculiar constitution and

from the gift of God, was always ready for 'every good word and work.' It will be difficult to fill her place in the agency of the Grande Ligne Mission in this city. She was a pillar of strength for that mission. The missionaries in Burmah too, amid their many discouragements, will feel, at the news of her death, that this is not the least of their trials. Her last work was the making up of a box, with many articles of value and tokens of affection for Mrs. Vinton. The ink on the letter which was to accompany this tribute was scarcely dry before the summons came for this faithful steward to cease from her labors.

"Not many months ago, the Rev. J. G. Miles, then of Harrisburg, made a statement, in the lecture room of the First Church, of their difficulties. At the close of the services, she quietly offered to raise one hundred dollars for them. In a short time this work of love was accomplished. If, at the death of Dorcas, the widows who stood by Peter in the upper chamber, weeping, 'showed him the coats and garments which she had made,' then we may be

allowed to speak in the same simplicity of Christian love, of the good works of a kindred spirit. Many have stood in *this* upper chamber widows and co-laborers, some from the snows of Canada, some from the jungles of Burmah, some from the dear and long-cemented fellowship of home, weeping for her, who, like Dorcas, was 'a woman full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.' What force and emphasis does such a life, so fruitful in good works, give to a remark which she made to the writer of this sketch a short time before her death: 'Faith, trust,' she said; 'this is all,—only believe.' But she was a true and earnest believer in her Saviour, and therefore she was a true and faithful laborer in his vineyard.

"A life like this needed no additional confirmation in the hour of death. Whitefield, when asked once as to the testimony he would bear in death, replied, 'I give that testimony now, I shall die silent.' The remark proved, in the event, a prophecy. So with this departed servant of Christ. Her life was her testimony. The nature and suddenness of her last illness

precluded any full communication to her friends. Almost the last words she spoke to the writer of this notice were to this effect, 'I forget every thing but the *Word of God.* I find *this Word* coming to me with a fullness and redundancy, (this was the exact expression) that is wonderful.'

"Her illness was sudden, her struggle short, her departure home swift and glorious. It was with a conviction of the fullness and blessedness of their meaning which is not often realized, and which can never be forgotten, that that company of sorrowing friends gathered round her grave on the last Wednesday of October, and among the crowding memories of the past, and the scattered leaves of autumn which carpeted the ground, and the glorious hopes of the resurrection morning, repeated those words, never more true and appropriate, 'And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

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Mary Hallman

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